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Selecting a School Marm.

I allers told Sally Ann I never seed what they wanted to appoint me, Obadiah Smith, School Director for. What did I know about education, gienally? To be sure I'd been to school in Batesville, every winter since I was ten years old, and cut up as many shins, and tuk as many floggings, got as much learning as the other boys, except Lawyer Morton and Square Bliss—never had so much figure head as them fellers. As for grammar, I never did think it any great go, and as I told Sally Ann, what possessed the fools to elect me School Director, I couldn't see. Well, Sally Ann, says she: Now Obad Smith, don't make a pesky fool of yourself; I reckon you kin jest meet with the rest and hold up your head as big as any of 'em, and if you ain't as good a scholar as Tim Bates and Joel Barker, it's a taral pity, that's all.—Now, I always hev done jest as Sally said ever since we were married. Amazin' smart woman, Sally Ann is. If hadn't have ben for her, don't know as I'd hev got married to this blessed day. Ye see, she kept kinder hinting and hinting; telling what a long distance 'twas 'tween the two farms, and what amazin' sight of horse flesh might be saved, and how them lazy farm servants was a wastin' my substance in riotous livin', till I jest riled, and up and axed her if she'd hev me.—Sartin, says she, as cool as a cucumber, and much obliged inter the bargain.—Well, as I was a sayin' seen' as how I was in for it and was legally appointed School Director, I concluded as how I'd hev to serve. The last teacher had been gone some time, and the school-house shet up and I'd jest begun for to think twant no great shake to be School Director after all—when up walks Tim Bates one day and says he:—We calkerlate it's about time to open the school-house again; the Directors are goin' to meet at four o'clock this afternoon to elect a teacher; now, be up in time, Obed, says he.—I was struck all aback you'd better believe. My hair literally stood on end. Now, Tim, you're joking, says I, Honor bright, says he. But look here, Tim, says I, there's plenty of you without me. I don't keer a darn who you get for the pesky school so just go ahead without me. No, sir'ee, says he; every director has got to be there, and Obed Smith among the rest, and off he started whistling Yankee Doodle so loud that you never did see. I jest unhitthed the horses and started for hum.

Sally Ann, says I, it's come—the day of judgement's come, and then I just bust out a laughing. You're a fool, says she. You're another says I—and I was jest ready for an all-fired row, when she said as sweet as honey, Now, Obed, jest finish up the chores and come in to dinner, and don't go to getting all tuckered out afore you go. For my part I wonder what gal's applied. I don't know none 'tbout it Sal Bates and Lib Wilkins, and I reckon I know as much as them critters, says she. Seems to me, Belle Winthrop was saying some lady from the city wanted it—law—a massa, what she'd want to come from Boston clean out to Batesville for, is more'n I ken tell. To be sure eighteen dollars a month is pretty good pay—more'n we've ever given afore or will again I reckon—and then she fell to thinking, and I went a tearing out of the house in a way that was a caution.—Well jest about four o'clock, I started for that old brick school-house. Sally Ann she'd bin a lecturing me till I was enamoored at my wits end. She'd been up in the garret and brought down all the old books she could lay hold on and top of all was Webster's great thumping Dictionary. And from that time till four o'clock she was hunting out questions for me to ask the school-marm. No need of folks thinking you're a fool if you are, says she, kinder snappish. Now jest ask her to spell Phthisis—that used to be the hardest word when I went to school, but I've been a looking for something harder and I've got it too. Here 'tis, "Metempsychosis" says she, that's a power—and then I pronounced, and pronounced till I was in a perfect sweat. Now, I've written all the questions and answers down, so you'll know if she answers right or not.—Says she, here's one of 'em, how high is the tower of Pisa? and then she gave me the paper. Well, as I was sayin', at four o'clock I started. The clock was too fast for me. I walked fast,

or somethin', for when I got there—there want a living thing in sight, except a little rosy-cheeked girl a sitting on one of the benches as demure as could be. She kinder bowed as she seed me, and says I, as perlit as could be; little girl, did you want anything particular—we're goin' to have a school meetin' here this afternoon, and I reckon we wouldn't like any extra visitors. She blushed up red, and says she with a little saucy twinkle in her eyes: I understood there was to be an examination of teachers for the Batesville school. I am one of the applicants, Miss Lester, from Boston. Have I been misinformed? I blaried out an apology, and was getting more flustered than ever, when she jest said as perlit as possible, that 'twant no manner of consequence, and began talking so pretty about the school, and the village, and the seceshers down South, that it quite put me at ease, and I didn't much keer if the Directors didn't come at all, provided Sally Ann did not know I was having such a nice time listenin'—when in come the whole posse, and she stopped off at once and never said another word.

Square Bliss and Lawyer Morton conducted the examination. Sal Bates and Lib Wilkins were there, but the little Boston lady quite took the shine off 'em. She was a pretty little thing with jest the sweetest bonnet and cloak that I ever did see. She desired the school she said because she liked the country, and it was on a line of rail road. Then we axed her all manner of questions, and she answered as prompt and perlit as could be. Tim Bates got up as grand as possible, and says he, could you tell me how old Methuselah was Miss? She stared at him kinder curious like, and says she, nine hundred and sixty nine, I believe, sir. Then came my turn, and my stars, if I wasn't flustered you'd better believe. C-a-c-a-can you spell Phthisis? says I, and she spelt it off beautifully. Now for Sally Ann's word. I puzzled and puzzled over it.

I couldn't stand there like a fool all day, so I just blaried out, Can you spell "string o' posies." She jest colored a little and said she didn't quite understand. Lawyer Morton, he jest snatched the paper out of my hand as mad like, and said he, "Metempsychosis, dear." How high is the tower of Pison? said I. She bit her lip and put her handkerchief to her face, and then says she, I'm afraid I don't quite comprehend. The Tower of Pisa dear, said Lawyer Morton, giggling so he could hardly speak, and I jest sat down and wiped off the perspiration. Then they axed her how old she might be. About twenty, says she; and Tim Bates chuts out, I'm afraid you're too young, Miss. We've got a pesky lot of obstoperous boys here. She was fond of boys she said, smiling, and as she ruled by love she did not apprehend trouble. Yes, but if you fall in love, says Tim, we'll lose our teacher and that wot suit us no how. She colored up, and says she, turning to Square Bliss, Explain to him, sir, if you please. Well, then we put it to vote. All in favor of Lucy Lester as a teacher for Batesville says aye—and we all said, aye except Tim, who looked as mad as a hornet's nest, 'cause he wanted his cousin Sal Bates to get in. You have done very finely dear, says Lawyer Morton, sweet as could be. Very much of a gentleman, Lawyer Morton is, though folks do say he's mighty fond of the girls. They came up to me, and says she, as pretty as you please. When does my engagement with you commence? Good Heavens! said I, I'm married, or else I'd like it fast rate. I, I never said nuthin' bout no engagement. Would you believe it, she jest sank down in a cheer and laughed as if she'd kill herself and Square Bliss and Lawyer Morton followed suit. You darned fool says Tim. She means her engagement to teach school and then we all roared together. Well that was my first attempt lecturing a school-marm. We've got her and she's a pretty little thing—too pretty for Batesville, Sally Ann says I was in hopes Sally Ann wouldn't hear of the blunders I made up at the school house but somehow or ruther everything leaks out in Batesville, and she's always a hectorin' me—she's a terrible hector, Sally Ann is—about my engagement with the school marm.

—The British Consul at Richmond declining to accept any more prizes.

Col. Grant's Report of the storming of Fredericksburg Heights.

Headquarters 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, 6th Corps, camp in the Field, May 14, 1863.
PETER T. WASHINGTON,
Adj't and Ins. General.

Sir:—In my account of the part taken by the Vermont troops in the storming of the heights of Fredericksburg, I promised to furnish further particulars. The rush of events that followed, and a constant employment of time since, must be my excuse for the delay.

The Brigade crossed the river on the evening of the 2d inst., and rested on its arms for a few hours. Long before light on the morning of the 3d inst., the head of the column was moving up the Bowling Green road into Fredericksburg. Then the action commenced. Newton's Division, and the Light Brigade occupied the streets of Fredericksburg. This Division, Gen. Howe Commanding, occupied the Bowling Green road, just outside and on the left of Fredericksburg, its right resting on a creek which flows into the Rappahannock immediately on the left of Fredericksburg.

Commanding Fredericksburg are two range of hills. The lower range, or Mayree's hill, is on the right of the creek and just in the rear of Fredericksburg. The higher or principal range of hills is to the left of the creek and immediately in front of the position occupied by this brigade. Between the Bowling Green road and the base of the principal hills is an open plain nearly a mile in extent through which passes a railroad. Nearly parallel with the railroad were rifle-pits; in these rifle-pits and behind the railroad were posted rebel infantry. The entire plain was commanded by the enemy's guns upon the principal range of hills. It was determined that Newton's division and the Light Brigade should storm the lower range, or Mayree's hill, from the streets of Fredericksburg. An attack in our immediate front was also planned, which was to be made at the same time of Newton's attack on the right. It was designed to drive the enemy from the railroad and rifle-pits, to assist Newton's attack on the right, and, if possible, to take the principal heights. The plan of our attack was in two lines of the battle of three regiments each. The 33d New York, 7th Maine 21st, New Jersey regiments from Niel's brigade constituted the first line. The 6th Vt., 26th N. J. and the 2d Vt., from this brigade constituted the second line, and they were arranged from right to left in the order above named, the right of the 6th Vt., resting on the creek. The attack of Newton on the right was the signal for our attack. It commenced about 11 a. m. The lines started over the plain at a double quick in splendid style, the rebels at the same time opening all their batteries on the principal heights, pouring a terrible fire upon the advancing lines; but on they went, driving the rebels before them. Having gained possession of the railroad and rifle-pits, the 33d New York and 7th Maine bore to the right, crossed the creek and gained the extreme left of the lower range. The 6th Vt. followed the 33d N. Y., and was the second regiment that gained the heights of Mayree's hill. What became of the 21st N. J. regiment at this juncture I am unable to say. The 26th N. J. and 2d Vt. now constituted the principle line advancing across the plain directly towards the principal heights. The enemy's batteries concentrated their fire full upon us. The 26th broke and in some confusion bore to the left getting partially in front of the 2d Vt. I immediately ordered the 2d by the right flank and led it to the right and front near the creek, gaining a steep bank where the regiment was protected from the shower of shell and canister thrown from the hill. Here we halted and the men took breath. At the command the regiment moved forward again, up the bank and hill gaining a deep ditch and rifle-pit. Here we halted again and sent forward two companies as skirmishers. Seeing a regiment down the creek near Mayree's hill, I despatched an aide to urge it forward. It proved to be the 33d N. Y., Col. Taylor, who came forward at the word. As soon as the 33d had arrived within supporting distance I ordered the 2d Vt. forward. The regiment bounded forward, charged up the hill and drove the rebels from their works in great confusion. We were now in possession of the works on the right of the principal heights.

The rebels rallied on a swell of ground a short distance beyond and opened fire on the 2d, which was returned in earnest. Col. Taylor now came up, taking a position on the right of the 2d, went into the engagement. The 7th Maine, Lieut. Col. Connor, came gallantly to our support. I at once assumed command of the regiment and threw it into the engagement. The rebels were completely routed and driven from this portion of the heights.

While this was going on the 3d Vt., Col. Seaver, the 4th Vt., Col. Stoughton, the 5th Vt., Lieut. Col. Lewis advanced across the plain and scaled the heights further on the left. As soon as the 3d Vt. had gained the heights an infantry force beyond opened upon them. Col. Seaver immediately returned the fire. The 4th and 5th and 21st New Jersey soon came up and the rebels were driven from that portion of the heights.—The 6th Vt., Col. Barney, was retained on Mayree's hill, by order of the General from Newton's Division, who had gained that range, and sent to the front as skirmishers.

This was the way the heights of Fredericksburg were carried, and this was the part taken by the Vermont troops in that brilliant achievement.

I remain, General,
Very Respectfully,
Your obt servant,
L. A. GRANT.
Col. commanding Brigade.

Taking up a Collection.
Rarely have we heard a better story, or better told story than this, from a reverend gentleman in Missouri; "The life of a preacher in a new country, from a secular point of view, is hardly as smooth and free from difficulty as a position in more cultivated and populous communities usually appears to be. The people are thinly scattered here and there, engaged in different pursuits, though chiefly agricultural. Being collected from all parts of the older States, and gathered from every class of society, they meet upon the same common ground, upon terms of easy familiarity, and restrained by no irksome conventionalities. People in a new country generally have a pretty hard time of it. They live a sort of "rough and tumble" life, wearing out their best efforts in a struggle for existence. Under these circumstances the material sometimes absorbs completely the spiritual; and the people not unfrequently "get so far behind" with the preacher they have to be powerfully "stirred up," from the pulpit.

On one occasion we had a visit from the presiding elder of our district at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our preacher "ary dime," as the boys say, and we expected a scoring from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. He preached us a moving discourse from the text, "OWE NO MAN ANYTHING." At the close of the sermon, he came at once to the subject in hand.

"Brethren," said he, "have you paid Brother —, anything this year? Nothing at all, I understand. Well, now, your preacher can't live on air, and you must pay up—pay up, that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

Here some of the audience near the door began to slide out.

"Don't run! don't run!" exclaimed the elder. "Steward, lock that door, and fetch me the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand-table in the front.

The steward locked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now, Steward," said he, "go round with the hat. I must have twenty-five dollars out of this crowd before one of you shall leave this house."

Here was a "fix." The congregation were all taken aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered. The Steward bravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties.

The hat was passed around, and at length was deposited on the elder's table. The elder poured the "funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

Three dollars and a half! A slow start, brethren! Go round again, Steward. We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the Steward with the hat again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three-quarters. Not enough yet. Go round again, Steward."

"Twelve dollars and a half! mighty slow, brethren! 'Fraid your dinner will all get cold before you get home to eat them! Go round again, Steward!"

By this time the audience began to be fitig. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly but surely, the "pile" on the table swelled toward the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half! Only lack half a dollar. Go round again, Steward!"

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside, a hand was thrust in holding a half dollar between the thumb and finger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed,

"Here Parson, here's your money. Let my gal out o' there! I'm tired of waitin' for her."

It was the last hair that broke the camel's back, and the preacher could exclaim, in the language of Ike Turtle, "This 'ere meetin' is done bust up."

FOUR MEN SURPRISE TWENTY-EIGHT REBELS.—One of the most daring and successful exploits of this war was performed by four men on Saturday night, May 1, on Rock Creek, in Wayne county. Benjamin Burke, a citizen, Hudson Burke, a discharged soldier, James Burke of Wolford's cavalry, and another citizen named James Davis, having received intimation of a band of twenty-eight men, under command of Capt. Evans, of the famous band of rebel robbers that invest Wayne and Clinton counties of this State, known as Champ Ferguson's men, having stopped at the house of Johnathan Burke to spend the night, determined to attempt their capture.

Four men against twenty-eight fiends who had reftled in the blood of innocent neighbors for a year—think of it! It seemed like madness, yet the attempt was made. Coming to a sentinel, who stood watch over their thirty-one horses, Davis ordered him to surrender his gun, which the coward did, and received in return a blow from it that knocked his brains out. The way was now clear to the house, where the remainder of the party were asleep. Surrounding the dwelling they at once raised a hideous yell, crying "Wolford, Wolford," at the top of their voices. The rebels awakened by the noise, supposed at once that Wolford's cavalry, whom they dread as they do death, was upon them, sprang from their beds, leaving their clothes and guns behind, and rushed for the doors. Out they rushed, with nothing on but shirts and drawers, some without the latter even, to take leg bail. Hudson Burke met Captain Evans at the door; both fired at the same time, but the infamous Evans was instantly killed. Four others were slain, the remainder of the party escaping. But they abandoned everything; all their horses, personal property, guns, and several thousand dollars in green-backs, in addition to a considerable amount of Confederate money. Nothing remained for the victorious few to do but to gather up the fruits of their victory; that they divided with William Milligan, a prisoner that they had released from the clutches of the marauders.—Cor. Cin. Commercial.

GEN. PEMBERTON.—Lieut. Gen. John C. Pemberton, of the rebel army, is a native of Pennsylvania, nearly 50 years of age, and was appointed a cadet to the West Point Military Academy in 1835. He graduated on June 30, 1837, standing No. 27 in a class of fifty members, among whom were Gens. Benham, Scammon, L. G. Arnold, Vodge, Williams, (dead,) French, Sedgwick, Hooker, Todd and Bragg, Mearns, Early, and several other noted rebels. On the 19th of April, 1861, he resigned his connection with the United States army, and at once joined with its enemies. He was made a Colonel of the regular army of the rebel states, and for some time remained with this rank, when suddenly he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant General and placed in command of the works around Vicksburg.

Talbot's capture on the Ct. river will be more extensive this year than it ever has been.

BATTLE EXTRAORDINARY IN ILLINOIS.—A few days since, at Shawneetown, Ill., a Colonel of Volunteers found that he had let his house to a woman whose longer stay in it would not be creditable and ordered her out. Having the advantage of contract and possession, neither coaxing or threatening availed to induce the woman to evacuate the premises.

The Colonel determined to carry his point at all hazards, planted a battery, consisting of one six-pounder, within point blank range. The feminine heroically stood her ground, and the Colonel opened a brisk cannonade upon his own house, three balls passing entirely through it.

The madame stood her ground bravely for a while, until the fire becoming too hot she changed her position, retired to the back yard and there formed a new line of battle. The firing of artillery ceased and the Colonel cautiously advanced to reconnoitre in front.

Discovering that the enemy had been dislodged by his artillery, he advanced to within the house, when the enemy opened a rapid fire upon him with a revolver, at short range, clipping locks of hair from both sides of his head and perforating his clothing.

Having emptied her six-shooter the Colonel opened fire in reply with a six-shooter, exhausting all his shot without material loss to the enemy, who, becoming much demoralized, hung out a flag of truce and sued for peace, which was made much like it almost always is between belligerents—on the very terms proposed before the war commenced. She vacated the ranche. The battle was spirited while it lasted and produced great excitement in Shawneetown.

THE VICE PRESIDENT OF THE REBEL CONFEDERACY HOPELESS OF SUCCESS.—The London Star, received by the latest arrival, publishes a statement from its New York correspondent, headed in large type, as follows: "Highly important intelligence from the South; Vice President Stephens Regards the Rebel Cause as Hopeless; A Party Favorable to Reconstruction in Georgia." These statements, the Star correspondent asserts, were received from a gentleman holding a prominent position in Georgia. This gentleman declares that the North can have no idea of the deep gloom and discouragement which envelops the people of the Southern States. The victories which the Confederate forces achieved for a time caused rejoicing and positive exhibition; but, as the months passed by, and the utter impossibility of driving back the Federal forces, or of compelling them to relax their hold upon the fertile districts which they have succeeded in occupying, became apparent, the people began to realize the magnitude of the task which they had undertaken; and now, he says, despair seems to have seized upon them, and they await the development of the future with gloomy apprehension instead of hopefulness.

Vice President Stephens had a serious disagreement with President Davis seven months ago, and since it occurred they have not been on speaking terms. Mr. Stephens has since expressed his conviction that the Confederate experiment is a failure, and that all hopes of its ultimate success have long since vanished. It is also asserted that many influential men of Georgia are in favor of a reconstruction of the Union.

THE GALLANT CONDUCT.—The importance of physical training to him who goes into battle, whether officer or soldier, can have no better illustration than in the achievements during the late battle of Chancellorsville of the Captain of the color company of the 102d regiment, N. Y. V., a man thoroughly trained in the use of his muscles and his sword. After a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with a Captain, color Sergeant of the 12th Georgia, he finally wrenched away the sword of the Captain, a stalwart six-footer, and disarmed the color Sergeant, bearing his colors from the flag staff, when he found two more botternuts upon him. Seizing his musket from one by sheer strength, he sent him spinning on his back, and then seized the other, an ambulance Sergeant—in 2 minutes having taken, without assistance, one Captain, two Sergeants and one private. The name of this hero is Wm. Nelson Green.—He retains the sword by leave of his Brigadier General and the flag is sent to Gen. Houser by his order.